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Drops on a Leaf

JYOTI BHAMRA

FOREWORD BY DR MOHD RAFI

Drops on a Leaf

Jyoti Bhamra

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to my teachers and students.

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I am thankful to many people who assisted, motivated, accepted and understood me and my way of thinking during the whole course of writing this book.

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Jyoti Bhamra, BA, B Ed, MA (English)

Khanna, Punjab, India

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CONTENTS

FOREWORD	11
PREFACE	15
DROPS ON A LEAF	17
YOU INSIDE ME	18
SO MERCIFUL	19
MY SHADOW	21
DEAR DEPARTED MAA	22
THE AUTUMN	24
A BOISTEROUS BROOK	25
I AM TOUGH POETRY, SERENE AND DIVINE	26
GOODBYE FOREVER	27
I AM NOT A SEASON THAT WILL CHANGE	28
LOVE	29
SOOTHING EVENINGS	30
SILENCE	31
TO END MY FIGHT AND TO LIVE MY RIGHT	32
I CONFESS!	34
TARNISHED SHADOWS	36
IN ABSENTIA OF YOURS	37
WHEN I KILL HIM FOR MY NATION	38

THE TRUTH WE IGNORE 40

WITHOUT YOU 42

DESTINY OF A SOLDIER 43

WAIT FOR THE DAY TO COME 45

THE FLEA 47

NOT PRESENCE JUST MEMORIES 49

FAREWELL 51

THE LINGERING AFTERNOONS 52

WILL YOU REMEMBER TOO? 53

DEAR SOULMATE, OUR UNION IS NOT TOO LATE 54

FLASHBACKS 56

TRANSFORMATION 58

PROPHECY OF MY DEATH 59

MIRROR AND LOVE 61

VOMIT THE APPLE OF KNOWLEDGE 62

LITTLE FEATHER'S FLIGHT 64

MY BELOVED 66

YES! I AM LOST WHILE … 68

SECRETS OF DESTINY 69

KNOW THE DIFFERENCE 70

WINGS OF FIRE 72

THE PROTAGONIST 73

BULL'S PLIGHT 75

ELEGY TO A GRAVED FRIEND 77

DO YOU KNOW? 78

MOTH AND BUTTERFLY 79

DEAR LIFE 81

THE PRISONERS OF BASTILLE 82

A HOMELESS POOR GIRL 84

THOSE SOMETIMES 86

MY HEART BENEATH MY CHEST 87

ME AND ORDINARIES 88

HER MAGICAL WORLD 89

WITH EACH OTHER 90

EXPECTED AND THE UNEXPECTED 91

KEEP DISTANCE 92

ONLY VULTURES 93

THAT LONELY GIRL 94

TWO ANGELS AND MY DEADLY THOUGHTS 95

THE HURRICANE OF THOSE TIMES 97

START TELLING 98

THE SMOKE OF NOSTALGIA 99

GARDENS OF UNREST 100

OUR PIOUS CONNECTION 101

A CRUSHED FLOWER STILL SPREADS FRAGRANCE 102

YOU INSIDE ME 103

LET ME LIVE YOU THROUGHOUT MY LIFE 104

ABOUT THE AUTHOR 105

ABOUT PROF MOHD RAFI 106

OTHER BOOKS BY THE SAME PUBLISHER 107

FOREWORD

Jyoti Bhamra started writing at the age of 19. She was 20 when she wrote a very realistic poem, that came out from the depth of relation—close - distant, admonishing the world to stay away from those who hurt:

Here comes the poem:

"Keep distance

when things start hurting you

and you don't get the place

you actually deserve

I mean don't let others disgrace you

or to control your thoughts

Don't let yourself feel ashamed

or kneel before someone undignified

I repeat, keep distance

when things start hurting you

Keep distance

before your own conscience start cursing you"

Jyoti started collecting words for her feelings and rejected out doors not suitable to her nature, broke up her mind, established her determination for the new world of poetry: dissimilar to John Keats, Lord Byron, William Words Worth, Robert Browning,

Shelly, she had her own world around her, the soar of thought was of very high standard.

At this very young age she has earned a recognition as a poetess and a painter. Now people have come to know, Jyoti Bhamra is not just as an ordinary girl, the one who sees and expresses herself but in different way altogether. One can see her different perspective from alphabets to words, from words to sentences and from sentences to thoughts, from thoughts to poetry and from poetry to rhymes. When I was reading her poetry. I was perplexed and mesmerized with almost all the fascinating poems of the doll of mind. It is hardly possible personnel that is multi dimensional, her wit and acute judgments about the words.

Jyoti Bhamra, the brave daughter of a great artist Mr. Daljit Singh, the painting Guru. Her selection of words is commendable. The rhyme scheme is magnetic. She is honest, sincere and transparent towards herself, towards society and towards anyone who is her friend, guide and philosopher. Her words are short, easy to understand and pronounce but their echoes are truly endless because she knows the reality of King Bruce and the Spider. She is a tireless traveler, does not want to follow the ways of others. She does not know the solider who can be thrown from an untamed horse but she recognizes the cow-boy to get back and tame it. She is hard working.

Jyoti enjoys the trust of her parents, respect of her students and love of her teachers. Tries to fill her niche that accomplishes her task, does back the appreciation of her duty and feel to express. Tries to see the world better and finds it may be an improved thought imperfect poem for a rescued feeling. Tries to peep into best in others to give them the best. She has an inspirational life. We get it when we read her poems' titles. *Wait For the Day to Come, A Boisterous Book, Secrets of Destiny, Wings of Fire,* and many more.

She does not strike the drum to tell who is she unless she writes down all her thoughts, hand it to the world. Her 'First' is the

wisdom of, the 'Second' 'listening' the 'Third' 'action' the 'Fourth' practice and the 'Fifth' teaching. She is not a dreamer because she knows the strength of hers and of the world, the patience and the passion.

She doesn't want to aim the goal but the aim above the stars and for her only the sky is the limit. The storm in her is not over, has courage to take stand for what is right. Many of her poems reflects her strong views supporting feminism. Raises the voice against intolerance, the world to make an exchange and the world to make a change.

She is not popular among the readers and the writers but she is a part of something larger and bigger herself. She has a wish to create a history that is full of realities.

This book is not mere collection of words altogether: The poetess is an incredible master of thoughts providing ideas. Her poems reflect a better in concsar, some times the poetess takes us in the enigmatic wilderness of mysterious sensations, she has played with the realistic title with an imaginative style.

Here are the titles of some of her poems:

1. *Drops on a Leaf*
2. *Soothing Evenings*
3. *Moth and Butterfly*
4. *Her Magical World*
5. *Only Vultures*
6. *A Haunting Companion*
7. *You Are Not Another self*
8. *Our Pious Connection*
9. *The Smoke of Nostalgia*
10. *That Lonely Girl*

She is all most like a connoisseur, flavergrated ideas incredible thought and elogical atmosphere. Her poetry is full of sublimic

beauty strike ideas and made atmosphere. She tries to take her for what is right, raises, sucks us and makes a change.

Prof Mohd Rafi
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Maler Kotla, Punjab, India
August 2018

PREFACE

The present book *Drops on a Leaf* is a collection of some poignant fragments which I tried to nib down during the years of my studies as well as teachings.

I remember I wrote my initial farewell poems after being inspired by Thomas Moore's *The Journey Onwards* and continued with the same theme.

Robert Frost, whose words in *The Mountain Interval*,

> **"My dear,**
>
> **It's who first thought the thought. You're searching, Joe,**
>
> **For things that don't exist; I mean beginnings.**
>
> **Ends and beginnings—there are no such things.**
>
> **There are only middles."**

struck deep into my heart and I started observing and writing on nature.
Time took wings and I went through some new experiences those gave me a distinguished point of view to compose poetry. I indulged myself in reading more and more literature and started keeping myself at the place of the protagonist and used to face everything they faced in the story. It was depressing sometimes but expressing myself through writing relieved me form stress and severe headaches.

The works of Charlotte Brontë developed passion and feminism in me whereas George Eliot bounded me with nostalgic strings. Rabindranath Tagore uplifted my spiritual factor on the other hand Dr A P J Abdul Kalam filled determination and scientific outlook in me.

Time favored me and I started writing on versatile themes such as self respect, patriotism, anti war, nostalgia, spirituality, quest for identity etc. In this book I tried to collect almost all the emotions in different styles.

Through this book I wish to appeal my readers to enjoy and learn from every situation that life introduces because there is no other better school than life.

DROPS ON A LEAF

Don't be afraid of being strange, different and isolated

Not all can afford it
Not all can sustain it
There is nothing wrong to go with the crowd
You may get cheerful, gentle company but remember
crowd gives you company not identity

If some drops of water fall in an ocean
they are never noticed
but if the same drops fall on a leaf
they are always noticed

So follow your own way not what others say
I mean be the drops on a leaf not in the ocean

YOU INSIDE ME

Little did I know
that you would become
the part of my schedule, then my life, later my soul
and now completely me

No, you are not apart from me
Come, look into my eyes
and find yourself there
Every breathe that enables me to exist
maintains you inside me
You are not another self
With all these facts
you have become completely me

SO MERCIFUL

Why should I fear when you are with me!
Why to shed tears when I am blessed by thee!
You are an infinite ocean I am a little drop
Oh lord! Lift me as the clouds and shower me on the crop

When clouds of agony rest upon me
All lights are gone left nothing to see
You come like a flame to keep the darkness away
And illumine my life for that I could never pay

When everything is lost I fall on the ground
Abandoned and poor but feel you all around

Suddenly from the heaven you appear
With your kind hand you wipe my tear
So merciful you are and so great!
You know my soul and the maker of my fate

I don't afraid of any loss, nor afraid of any sorrow
For every dark night, you have made a radiant morrow

Keep me in your law forever, keep my heart and soul pure,
Only in your holy commands I feel myself secure

If somehow I am transgressed, then re find my soul oh lord!
I know I am a sinner, still I hope to be blessed

In your praise, I will always write
Doesn't matter, if it's a gala day or a hazy night

MY SHADOW

This is my shadow that doesn't let me advance
It follows me
It chases me
Everywhere I go
To get rid of it, there is no chance

After being escaped of the radiant sunlight,
The moonlight re finds my soul at night,
Suddenly I look behind,
Oh! again my shadow I find

It reminds me all the sins, stigmas and tragedies,
I stashed, but it reveals again and again the untold stories

When I rejoice or pray, I feel like it taunts,
It swoops, it suffocates, it really haunts

JYOTI BHAMRA

DEAR DEPARTED MAA

The vast world around me
Many other relations that surround me
Delight me but can't give the comfort of your lap
Oft your shadow visits me in my nap

In some murky nights, when the whole world sleeps,
Your daughter still awakes, and the whole night weeps
Dear departed Maa! Why was I away, when you died?
You didn't call me nor I tried

I can face the entire storm and strife
But my soul will be lamenting throughout my life,
For the last time when I embraced you,
I told you that we should meet in dreams now

To look for you, so I do
I try to get you back, but don't know how!

Dear Maa, go forward, don't look behind

Just liberate yourself from all the chains

My cries, my tears will not now bind,
Your departing soul, being relieved from all the pains

THE AUTUMN

It is an unfamiliar way,
Only desert is there
I feel tired, but find nothing to stay
No chirping of bird, no roar of the seas I can hear

Because it is a desert and the Autumn is the season
Everything is placid and calm
For this silence I find a reason
That the relations are no more warm

No greenery, no flower, no sign of pasture,
Roughness and dryness is all around
Nowhere is humidity or moisture
May be it symbolizes some fake bond

But to me all these things fascinate
No noise no crowd is here to irritate

The Autumn has taught me a new way to manipulate
And a fresh view towards life it provoked me to create

A BOISTEROUS BROOK

People can
hurt me
insult me
betray me
defame me
and rejoice seeing me devastated
but they can not,
dare not
halt me
fret me
and captive my raptures
for I am a boisterous brook
that flows its own way
and knows
how to
flux, curve
and spark
in the nasty days

I AM TOUGH POETRY, SERENE AND DIVINE

Don't turn your eyes from me and don't refuse me
Recite me again and each rhyme of mine
I am a tough poetry serene and divine

Nobody else can recite me as you can
All can read but only you can feel
The depths of my words and the yearning of my phrases

Recite me again and each rhyme of mine
I am a tough poetry serene and divine

Say me that you fell in love with my profoundness
If I turn my pages, tear and fling me

Recite me again and each rhyme of mine
I am a tough poetry serene and divine

GOODBYE FOREVER

I will not bid farewell nor I promise you to stay
Just to you one thing I wish to say

You and I will unite again
Not soon but after millions of days
In some showers of rain
I will recognize your face

But if any mishap would fall
that we could meet never
Worry not! There are enough stories to recall
and follow it my friend, goodbye forever

I AM NOT A SEASON THAT WILL CHANGE

I will be escaped of the burning suns
I am not a waxed doll who will be melted by heat
I pass through the stormy nights as a whirly wind

You don't fret about me,
leave me and go forth
I will overcome one day

Test me at any turning point of life
I am not a season that will change

LOVE

Love is when no word is uttered from my lips
and you listen my silence

Love is when no tear drifts out of my eyes
and you feel my sobs

Love is when the entire world defies me
and you hold my hand

Love is when in spite of all the barricades and
hurdles
We assert that I am yours and you are mine

JYOTI BHAMRA

SOOTHING EVENINGS

After the whole day's struggle
the great hustle and bustle
I often go up the roof
to get some relief

The evenings for me are so curing, so precipitate
that my whole fatigue die down

The cool breeze that disperses my hair
The saffron shade of the sunset on clouds
The flocks of birds cumulating and chirping
The soothing unclear hymns from the temple
After the sun sets, the crescent moon appears

The breeze, the clouds, the birds, the hymns
The sunset, the moon absorbs my whole weariness
and seems promising me another pleasant evenings
My restless mind assimilates
and my wandering thoughts are tamed

SILENCE

Silence is joy
Silence is sorrow
Silence is explosion
Silence is secret

When words are failed, to utter
then silence expresses everything
Love comes silently it decamps silently
The way it comes, it goes

Tree grows, bears heat and cold then gives fruits silently
Coal suppresses for years in mine then becomes diamond silently

Silence is love
Silence is hate
Silence is peace
Silence is war

The whole nature is silent the tides of the seas,
the magmas of the volcanoes
just go to howl, ruins everything violently

TO END MY FIGHT AND TO LIVE MY RIGHT

From the ages
I have been fighting with many battles inside me

I am rejected, dejected
but I am still standing, struggling and sacrificing

From the ages
I have been shedding many tears
I am used, abused
but I am still smiling, bearing and rejoicing

From the ages
I have been tolerating the burden of the whole cosmos
I am beated, ill treated
but I am still living, giving and stashing

The ages of rejection, dejection,
use, abuse, beat and ill treat
have been fled in smoke

Here I am to end my fight
and to live my right

for I am a stalwart girl
coadjutor of a whirl

I CONFESS!

I confess, I promised you all to visit by regular intervals
How selfish! *How* helpless I am this time
that my eagerness to fly has become a crime
for me to see your gloom
but my friends, don't let our bond turn in doom
No doubt! These new relations are also good
but can't replace you, with whom I spent my childhood

I confess! *It* was me who gave you the words to return
In some fire of hate, let my words not burn
Trust me dear ones,
If one side I see my old friends
on another side, I have to keep my duty
Let my helplessness not become my guilty
Till now, in some dark stilly corners, I do weep
For the promises, I could not keep

Still I miss you, still I love you, still your voices reach my ears

And cellos of your words and laughter fill my eyes
with tears

These mysterious paths of life for me are a riddle
Can't lean on this nor on that I still stand in the
middle
and for the unkept promises forgive me if possible

TARNISHED SHADOWS

After some years when you will sit alone
you would miss the time which would have been gone

Memories would be around you
Many tarnished shadows would surround you

Some might be recognizable the part of your past
Rejuvenating the moments when you saw them the last

The rivulet of tears would flow out of your eyes
But remember, times never repeat itself twice

IN ABSENTIA OF YOURS

In absentia of yours I feel complete loneliness
My valor has been converted into weakness

I see that everything has been lost
For your whole account I have paid a big cost

Who is this?
singing the songs of solitude and dejection
For his melancholy drenched lyrics
some minds have objection
I guess he is someone's love!
Oh yes he is my love!
I recognized him
Who wanders in the streets to find my face
I can not confront him, I caused him disgrace
Now the light has become dim
and the warmth has become less
No planet can change, no astrologer can predict for us

Everything is calm, no tempest no strife
In absentia of yours I feel, the dusk of my life

WHEN I KILL HIM FOR MY NATION

What is my enmity with him
What is my relation with him
I know not, I know not

Has he met me before?
or do I know his name?
Had he ever teased my family?
or had he destroyed my fields

I know not, I know not

But still I have to shoot him down
for the sake of my nation
To color my hands with his blood
has become my passion

The nations, the boundaries
the unreal lines, the barriers
drawn on the map

I ask, do these lines exist somewhere

in the oceans, in the sky
and on the Earth?
Or the almighty have given them birth?

I know not, I know not

I kill him for my nation and he does the same
Then I become the national hero
and my family gets fame

Millions died, millions will be dead
Real man dies for unreal lines
A natural creation dies unnatural death
The slogan of peace when will we spread

I know not, I know not

THE TRUTH WE IGNORE

The existence of death has taught the world
Every living being is here to meet a certain end

Remember Alexander, the great Alexander
who kept the entire world surrender
but left this earth with empty hands
then where was his kingdom and his friends

Today neither he is here, nor his grace
Fled in smoke his whole courage
Lived with vanity, on seeing his pomp
Today no light illuminates, on his tomb

So why to ignore the truth and why to live in pride
Fake virtue we exhibit and the vices we hide

Today whatever enjoys the climax tomorrow will be
at doom
Vanity is short lived soon turns into gloom
Prepare your souls for we have to give
the whole account of how do we live

Every action, every statement and every deed
was it a suffice or full of greed!

When we wake up and see
the whole life was just a dream
On the judgment day
We shall beg for mercy and scream
In envy, greed, rancorous,
the whole time we spent
for all these follies the lord shows his perfect
judgment

WITHOUT YOU

As you are away
then what to do with your memories?
Without you
What is there to behold in flowery bands and
blossoming buds?

Without you
These smiles and wisdoms are worthless

Without you
These rainy showers and rainbows are worthless

Without you
What to sing in the songs of love and glories?

Falling from space to surface,
What to do with these dreams?

As you are away
then what to do with your memories?

DESTINY OF A SOLDIER

Don't be sad
nor roll down tears on your cheeks
I will return to celebrate the festivals together
But first, listen what my heart speaks

This is my destiny and my privilege too
For the glory of my motherland
I am born to be dead

If I can't return
then don't wait for me, not yield
My ragged wounded uniform would utter
what happened with me in battle field

When the raindrops kiss your face
and wind embosoms you
just feel, that is me

When the sun gives you warmth
and the moon gives you frigidity
Just feel, that is me

Call my name, whenever you are sad
I would sing the songs of our love to make you glad

Touch the land whenever you feel that I am dead
Then feel proud, because my motherland is now my bed

If you feel that I am away from you
If you feel that I have left you alone
Just remind my words

Before I opened my eyes when I born
This was written on my forehead
that for the glory of my motherland
I was born to be dead

WAIT FOR THE DAY TO COME

Don't worry if there is no reason for wishing to live
When you are no more what you may have been

Don't worry if you think the planets, the vibrations
that favored you once may not support you again
but your toil and your sweat never go in vain
because the man makes his fate with his own hands
and controls the planets with his own deeds

Don't worry if the attire of glory and the crown of grandiosity
is removed from your body and head
but it does not mean that your dreams, prestige are now dead
because the stream of wisdom and the flame of divinity
that exists inside you is unstirred and infinitive

Don't worry if taunting of the mob
and the doubts of the community are irksome
because the best way to answer them is

to hold on your dreams and wait for your day to come

THE FLEA

This is neither our marriage temple
nor our marriage bed
The flea is a devil
cold blood runs through its vein
Let me kill it and color my hand red

Our love is not murdered if I kill him
My deed is just a try and my wait
to let you overcome from your whim
that only physiques are meant for love
if not, then it is hate

You want me in this stormy night
I don't argue, lo! I kneel before your plea
The nature also favors you with its loving sight
I kneel only because I loved you more than you
loved me

This is the loss of maidenhood the trust and true love
To make this bodily union the flea seems to me a
devil

without my wish it has sucked my blood

No doubt you loved me more than I loved you
for me love is the touch of souls
the deepest corners of heart it passes through

The flea is not you and I
It has sucked thousands' blood
not only yours and mine
let me kill it and see the bloody flood
of the sick, the old, the young and their pain.

NOT PRESENCE JUST MEMORIES

I am not dying for the presence of thee now
Your memories are much better than you somehow

At least they are not escapist like you
At least they are not coward like you

They live with me, they die with me
They rejoice with me, they sigh with me

Your whole history that I swallowed and digested
runs into my veins as blood, as marrow in my bones
All your chapters, wicked and generous
are now settled and adjusted

Memories relieve me all the times
Memories kill me all the times

Memories give me pleasure and pain
Memories bind me often to break me again

If by chance you come in my ways

I am sorry
I will not try to know your face
nor it is worthy of any cost

I just know that face, which was mine once
but now has been lost

Your presence has become bitter
your memories have become sweeter

I don't know how the sentiments inside me changed
This whole vicissitude sometimes makes me amazed

It is strange!
that I am not sick of presence of thee
but of the memories dwelling deep inside me

FAREWELL

Farewell to the days we spent together
Farewell to the joys and sorrows
we shared with each other

Those green fields that blue sky
where we played and dreamt high

Farewell to the childhood and that favorable weather
Those lovely pranks and untamed passions
Those sweet quarrels and reconciliations
As we grew up the gates of innocence closed forever

Farewell to everything which had bound us
Farewell to every story around us
Go forth and live your life without any fear
Don't look behind nor shed any tear

I am here and I will be my dear friend
If destiny has ripped us apart still life doesn't end

JYOTI BHAMRA

THE LINGERING AFTERNOONS

The lingering afternoons sometimes do not seem passing away

It appears like the clock has forgotten how to strike
The winds have forgotten how to blow
and the ice cream vendor has forgotten my street

This whole scenario becomes permanent and incessant
when the lingering afternoons sometimes do not seem passing away

It appears like the sun has determined
to give vitamins D in abundance
The breeze has lost its contest with the heat
and the thirsty birds are dying of dehydration

The whole universe becomes lazy and passive
Boredom sets everywhere

When the lingering afternoons do not seem passing away

WILL YOU REMEMBER TOO?

I remember everything I forgot nothing

When for the last time you looked into my eyes
Your eyes were filled with tears
No doubt you tamed them but I listened your sighs

When for the last time you embraced me
Your heart was paining with grief
No doubt you bore that alone but I too felt that ache

When for the last time you looked back to see off
Your lips were trying to utter something
No doubt you locked them but I understood your silence

Yes! I remember everything I forgot nothing

The cup of tea, the morsel of meal that we shared
The laughter, the jollities that we jeered

I hope you too remember everything now
and throughout your life

DEAR SOULMATE, OUR UNION IS NOT TOO LATE

From the last word of thy
when you bade me good bye
I have not seen the face of yours
nor your voice could reach my ears

Everyday sun rises evening comes soon sky gets blue
but I have no desire except writing for you

The time we spent together was more precious than gold
but this farewell though painful is very much bold

Ended are those eras when we were close
Separation is inevitable, everyone knows

The cruel destiny has played its game
as we have to meet and part
Neither you nor me can blame
this farewell is of the bodies not of heart

It would be a jinx if we might not see each other or greet
but it would be a miracle of lifetime whenever we meet

I know the soul mates shall meet again
It will be a blessing of rain
on some barren land
when I will touch you with my hand

We have just one thing to do that is wait
The universe will favor us, our union is not too late
Yet for now all I can say
is to God I will pray

FLASHBACKS

In the journey of life when you stop for awhile
Look back to the past it seems like a spark

The spark breaks before you with a blast
Everything illuminates, ending the dark
You see some faded faces
Caused some good and bad cases

Some held you when you needed them the most
Kept the bond without any cost
but in this dusty travel, they have been lost
Wait for the doom's day when you will meet their ghost

Some hands arouse not to hold, but to push you back
Seemed your well-wishers
but their deceit was a terrible attack
Then you ask, if you were wrong
or in your affection, there was any lack!

Suddenly some flashbacks run before your eyes

Some proved very harsh and some very nice

See, the harsh ones give you laughter
and the nice ones give you tear
because they never came after
to make your path more clear

TRANSFORMATION

I was everything you had your perfect mate
There was nothing to complain nothing to hate

But now, I am everything you lost, your perfect foe
There is nothing to forgive, nothing to forget

I concealed my grief even from myself
I revealed my grief only to myself

There is nothing to forgive, nothing to forget

I remained silent and didn't speak a word
Still I remember the sword that had struck behind me

There is nothing to forgive, nothing to forget

At a certain point we have lost the track of each other
Your transformation has turned me into a devil

There is nothing to love, nothing to pity

PROPHECY OF MY DEATH

The day I will die will be the most pleasing day ever
Adorned with green fields and saffron sky

After a rainy shower the vegetation would be
washed out
The monsoon would put on the sash of the rainbow
uniting the green fields and the saffron sky

The songs of tiny birds would go deep into my heart
As they return to their habitat I would return to the
Almighty
beholding the green fields and the saffron sky

I would be too relaxed, too tranquil and too
contented
Sitting in my arm chair, wearing black outfit with
wet hair
bidding farewell to the green fields and saffron sky

It would be the sunset of the day and the sunset of
my life

There would be a tricolor charm with the off white clouds
Joining the green fields and the saffron sky

MIRROR AND LOVE

Love is like a mirror, too fragile as much as your take
With a minor hurt it easily can break

Like this doubt kills love and trust
and whirls it in the dust

Then you just see it breaking and shattering but cannot catch
the broken fragments neither you can touch nor can patch
If your grip is tight, it gives you a wound
If you leave, it breaks the bond

Then what is left behind
The image of the love the mirror when it was kind

As the broken mirror still shows you
the real and the same faces people have
-
In the same way the broken hearts spread
the true and the same love they had

VOMIT THE APPLE OF KNOWLEDGE

Thou have sent me on the earth
The platform where I can get you back

The first sin of gluttony for the forbidden apple
From that time till now I am wandering unsafe and unstable
I try to vomit this apple of knowledge but don''t know how

The tight grasp of this web drags me back again and again
Where everything is to be lost nothing to gain

The world is not same that you made
Retaliations are here, compassions are fade

Your master creation is at doom as his heart has gone corrupt
Envy, greed, lust, anger, keep my mind interrupt

From reaching you, from searching you, to make you

my own
I am bound and controlled

To satiate the aspirations of this world
I have completely become a clown

JYOTI BHAMRA

LITTLE FEATHER'S FLIGHT

Once while watching television I noticed some creatures
Tiny, innocent and had duck like features
Looked for a long time I thought what could be these?
Later I got that it was a family of geese

The little chicks with their father and mother
Their survival was a matter to bother

because there was nothing to eat
and the vegetation was below two hundred feet
Finding no sign of plants or grass
they found a tough way to cross

The father had to do his duty
but the mother was feeling pity
for the little ones that could not fly
and in this risky jump they could die

Ultimately the determined father jumped down

with his strong feathers colored grey and brown

Reached safely and was ready to earn
After him it was now mother's turn
The mother's jumped too proved good
Sufficient to keep her motherhood

Then the little feathers were also ready
to jump down to their mummy and daddy
Some flew swiftly some got hit
They seemed nervous but little bit
Still they were not afraid of the height
for me it was an awesome flight

Just after two days of their birth
they jumped from sky to earth

With little grey feathers and small beak
with dauntless heart, who called them weak?

Then onwards me too get ready to struggle
and my life remained no more a puzzle

MY BELOVED

My love for her will never end
before any worldly pressure I will not bend

For me she is my life, my soul and my heart
to keep some hollow rules of society we shall not part

No doubt she is wretched her face is pale
but her serenity cannot be measured on this scale

I love that face which has gorgeous glow
the natural charms I embrace so white as winter's snow

Her skinny figure all do criticize
for me in her my spirit lies

When I escape, on her bosom I do fall
feeling her heartbeat, I deny all

Not only her outlook is smart

but she is kind too by heart

Her consideration for animals, children and the old
makes her more valuable than gold

With her breath my breath goes
how much I crave for her, everyone knows

Forward my love to her if you have loved ever
I am afraid to lose her then I will get her never

The shine in her eyes
is so positive as she never cries

and the long secret on her rosy lips
will be spilled out for her true feelings she keeps

She is alone but for whom does she wait?
So conflicted I am does she love me or hate?

But all the conflicts would end
before my love the whole world would bend

when by her I would stand
taking her hand in my hand

I would say, “Will you be mine as I am yours?”
I am sure she will say, “Yes, of course.”

YES! I AM LOST WHILE …

From the day I have got consciousness I have lost many things
Many thing I have forgotten, many I do miss
Among all the things I have lost, I miss myself the most

Yes! I am lost while finding out the meaning of my life
I am lost while searching pasture in the barrens
I am lost while looking for the life in ruins
I am lost while waiting for the hours of ease

But don't worry I will find myself again
When the clouds of dither will rain
the weather of my heart will become clear
The rainbow of ecstasy will appear
just after that I will find myself again

SECRETS OF DESTINY

If all dreams are shattered and you see no way
then don't curse your fate nor grumble at your deeds
Wait patiently and don't hate the wound that always bleeds
because darkness foretells a beautiful day

If life takes you the way you never wanted
don't be thrilled for the future
just go and be polite with the time and nature
because destiny keeps its secret hide
ultimately the contented is always granted

KNOW THE DIFFERENCE

Here are people
there are people
people all around

Some become bosom buddies
while others remain as crowd

Some people subside from you
in the radiant hot summers
to let you burn alone
in the freezing winters
to let you shiver alone

Some people remain with you
in the radiant hot summers
to keep shade on you
in the freezing winters
to give warmth to you

But how strange human disposition is
that longs for those who leaves him

and loses those who loves him

Know the difference and make your choice
Value those in crucial times
who loves not leaves

WINGS OF FIRE

When the long silence is broken
the tongue finds its language
and heart gives birth to desire
then appear the wings of fire

When man creates his horoscope
with the ink of his determination
and the astrologer becomes a liar
then appear the wings of fire

When the happiness knocks your door
optimism enters your home
and melancholy becomes prior
then appear the wings of fire

THE PROTAGONIST

I am the protagonist of my life
for all the tragedies, comedies
travelogues and satires I perform myself

There are some villains
to enjoy the tragedies of my life
they spoil me they torture me
but make my role more interesting, demanding

There are some entertainers
to enjoy the comedies of my life
they poke me, they clown me
but I do not mind
instead I join them merrily, eagerly

There are some companions
to enjoy the travelogues of my life
they support me, they encourage me
but at a certain point the travel ends
they leave me abandoned, despondent

There are some diplomats
to enjoy the satires of my life
They ridicule me, they underestimate me
but they cannot befell me
as I become more valorous, venturous

All the villains, entertainers, companions, diplomats
are made for me for I am the protagonist of my life

The more they perform their role
the more I scramble towards my goal

Only due to their resistance
I feel myself more heroic, daring, valiant, gallant
They are many but I am single
I bear them alone
because I am the protagonist of my life

BULL'S PLIGHT

They wander in the streets, they stroll in the markets
They eat garbage scattered around, they drink water
of gutter

Their horns are bent and torn
their legs are wounded and lean
Their skeleton is visible through skinny flesh
It seems like they are starved from many years

Their eyes are too old, too tired and too passive
They look at everyone, hoping for a morsel of food
Some people ignore them, some people beat them

Once upon a time they had their worth
When they used to plough and transport
and lift the weight of the whole earth

But now they are worthless
as machines have replaced them
Even seasons have no mercy for them
They shiver in the bitter winter

They melt in the burning summer
They drown in rainstorms
They die dehydrated in the autumns

Sometimes in anger they hit people and destroy fields
Then they are shot, poisoned and killed
because they are beasts

Often one question flames up my mind
If cows are protected and worshipped
then why not their spouses?
If cows are our mothers,
then what are bulls to us?

ELEGY TO A GRAVED FRIEND

Oh departed, dear departed
listen to my words
come out of the grave and sit beside me

Many stories are untold, many feelings are
suppressed
waiting for you to listen them

The sobs of my heart and lamenting sounds,
Are you listening through the clouds?

The rivulets of tears rolling down my cheeks,
Are you beholding from high peaks?
Come out of the grave and sit beside me

Many complaints are unuttered
Many reconciliations are undone

Come out of the grave and sit beside me
I explore every truth I concealed from thee.

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know?
Not only my face
but many other things have also been changed after you

Do you know?
Not only the feelings of my heart
but the circumstances have also been changed after you

Do you know?
Not only the butterflies of that place
but the flowers have also been changed after you

Do you know?
Not only the tides of the ocean
but the winds around have also been changed after you

But how could you know!
because all these changes took place after you

MOTH AND BUTTERFLY

Quite often when the whole creation slumbers
and live the unlived life of dream
A moth of other days comes out of me
and sit by my silences

Suddenly it starts eating me alive
My each breath chokes again when it whispers in my ear
"Leave these addressing of the lambs but the wolves in disguise.
Let's go to listen the legends of the ruins"
It depresses, it pains, it bleeds
I catch the moth of other days
I chew and digest it
to save myself from being eaten alive

Quite often when the whole creation slumbers
and live the unlived life of dreams
A butterfly of these days comes out of me
and fly around my silences

Suddenly it starts smiling and dancing
My each breath symphonize again when it whispers
in my ear
“Leave those tragedies and legends of the ruins
Let’s go to count the dew drops on the buds”
It comforts, it rejoices, it loves
I catch the butterfly of these days
I see and kiss it
to continue myself to be loved in life

DEAR LIFE

Dear life
Don't try to test me at this point
You have enough time to test me
Let time teach me some lessons
Let the world tame my ambitions

The dreams of my eyes haven't faced the beam of light yet
The wings of my passions haven't taken their first flight yet

Let time teach me some lessons
Let the world tame my ambitions

When my eyes will be shrunken of the light
and my wings will be weary of the flight

I promise, at that time
you can test me, beat me and teach me the best lessons

THE PRISONERS OF BASTILLE

Return our handcuffs
and our chains
This cell is our home
We are habitual to bear pains

For sixty years we slept with
chains around our feet
They have become our body parts
Without them our hearts can't beat

We love this darkness
What to do with light?
Our feathers are rusted
We have forgotten flights

Here is spent our life
and youthful age
Here we feel protected
as a bird in its cage

Don't drag us out

for freedom came too late
To face the radiant sun
our eyes have become too delicate

The prison provide us food shelter
and relaxed life
Life outside is full of struggle and strife

Don't force your revolution on us
Do it somewhere else
Let us live peacefully
in our dark cells

If all of us come outside,
Who will give us food?
Who will give us jobs?

Where shall we spend our life?
Where shall we sleep?

We have forgotten our identity
We have forgotten our homes
We just know that
We are the prisoners of Bastille

A HOMELESS POOR GIRL

Homeless, she was shivering at the footpath in a freezing night
She didn't cry because it was her own fight

Wearing an old ragged outfit, a cap and footwear
She was seeking for some warmth or the weather that is clear

Starving from many days she strolled towards a street
and saw a big cottage where she could get something to eat

Approaching a window, she saw
an infant sleeping on a cozy bed
wrapping itself with a soft blanket colored red

Turning her face to another side
she saw a big dining table
having hot soup and delicious meal
but for reaching it she was unable

Disappointed, she moved on
left that place far away
looking at the sky, waiting for a shiny day

THOSE SOMETIMES

Every place, every place
From space to surface,
From east to west
is lonely sometimes
And those sometimes
seem to be never ending every time

Everything, everything
from autumn to spring
From dawn to dusk,
is dejected sometimes
And those sometimes
seem to be never ending every time

MY HEART BENEATH MY CHEST

Here are my trousers and my shirt with a pocket
Here is my chest
My heart beneath it beats firmly

Here is my mind that supplies spontaneous thoughts
I have a pen in my pocket and a diary in my bag
but I can't use them
Now I write on the waves, the winds

I have a book in my hand with mind blowing
thoughts
but I can't use it
Now more than books I read people

ME AND ORDINARIES

I agree that I am depressed
but it doesn't mean that I never rejoice

I rejoice the darkness, the solitudes, the stigmas
which ordinaries choose to avoid

Due to this naked light
the lids of my eyes shrink
and my head aches

but I still rejoice
the aches, the scars, the ails
which ordinaries keep aside

HER MAGICAL WORLD

She is a magic
She doesn't belong to this world
Her big beamy eyes seem to be lost
in the magical world she actually belongs to

She is quiet but when speaks
a bright spark breaks into fragments
Each fragment glitters and sings
its own magical tale

She is a magic
She doesn't belong to this world
She belongs to the world
that is beyond imagination

WITH EACH OTHER

Nothing in the world can ease us
more than each other's company

Nothing in the world can heal us
more than each other's presence

Nothing in the world can be
more valuable than the time spent with each other

I don't say this happens only if our bodies are
together
It just happens because our souls are connected

EXPECTED AND THE UNEXPECTED

Let things go the way they want
Don't stop them
Don't rope them

Let expectations die and desires fly
with the impetuous wind
that shakes the shutters of your windows
each and every day

Shut them, lock them
but keep opening the windows of your heart
to welcome the unexpected affections

KEEP DISTANCE

Keep distance
when things start hurting you
and you don't get the place
you actually deserve

I mean don't let others disgrace you
or to control your thoughts
Don't let yourself feel ashamed
or kneel before someone undignified

I repeat, keep distance
when things start hurting you
Keep distance
before your own conscience start cursing you

ONLY VULTURES

No footprint is seen on the sandy track
The narrow rivulets of my land are missing

The trees on the either sides
of the road are silent

The sunlight burns naked bodies everywhere
Finding the carcasses around ruins

Only vultures are alive, only vultures

THAT LONELY GIRL

People call her strange, she knows it
That lonely girl who dances in rain
and laughs in her pain

She doesn't wait for anyone
to heal her wounds and hide her scars

People laugh at her, she knows it
Sometimes it hurts but she doesn't care
She smiles and sings

She doesn't need any company
She alone is a hurricane

People call her mad, she knows it
That lonely girl who plays with her shadow
and gossips with the moon

TWO ANGELS AND MY DEADLY THOUGHTS

Last night I was feeling in secured
in my own dark room with my own deadly thoughts

I read my old rhyme, it started haunting me
I was longing for someone to sit by me
and listen to all my thoughts
which I could not write

Suddenly an ease promising angel appeared
and started listening to me
I told and old abrupt story and started crying
He got bored and disappeared

Again I remained alone with my own deadly
thoughts

Suddenly a cunning angel appeared
This time I pretended being happy
but this cunning angel listened my sobs and started
healing me

I told him the same old abrupt story and started crying
He fell in love with me and stayed forever

THE HURRICANE OF THOSE TIMES

I don't write poems
I write those times

Sometimes the hurricane of those times
visit my lingering mind
It shakes me, it provokes me to write down

Something known, something unknown
Something embraced, something escaped

There are many things
which I don't want to write
nor I wish to share with anyone

But still I write down
if I don't the rope of those times
wrapped around my neck strangulates me again
And I prefer writing down than to be hanged

START TELLING

Start telling people
the things you like and dislike

Be honest and barefaced
if you actually want to lead your life
Silences are okay but not sufficient to survive

You must tell what troubles you
You must tell what comforts you

You shall not die
You can not die

Laugh without any reason
Rejoice without any reason

In this world full of vultures looking for corpse
Don't be a lamb, act like a lion
Don't let the vultures eat your flesh
if you actually want to survive

THE SMOKE OF NOSTALGIA

I wish to live again
I wish you to find exit
out of my mind

The smoke of your remembrance
has struck so deep inside me
that my lungs burn with it

I wish someone to let me
exhale the smoke from my lungs
and inhale the fresh breathe

Your nostalgia is worst to me
that any other toxin
that chokes me each
and every time

I wish you to find exit
out of my mind
as I wish to live again

GARDENS OF UNREST

The birds in the cages
are fluttering their wings
as they long for freedom

Cows are missing from the meadows
because the land has gone barren now

Flowers are blossoming in the gardens
but no bee sucks their juice
because the flowers produce poison now

To listen to the songs of love
in the gardens of unrest seems strange now

Nearby some enemies have
trained their weapons

OUR PIOUS CONNECTION

I am beneath the shroud of your soul
that has covered me and
gives warmth in the frosty winter

The dew drops from your eyes
I tasted once
have almost become
the blood in my veins

All the brooks, the willows
the tides and the hills
sing the chorus of our pious connection
in a perfect harmony

Say me that it is not truth
I promise, I will stop writing you again

A CRUSHED FLOWER STILL SPREADS FRAGRANCE

Doesn't matter how people
test me, use me and leave me

I am the same, I was and I will be

Their diplomacies and deceptions
are well known to me.
I am not blind who can't see
the intrigues, vices and the cunning ways

I remain silent, behold and observe

As a flower can't cease
spreading its fragrance
even after being crushed

how can I cease spreading
my modesty even after being wretched

YOU INSIDE ME

Little did I know that
you would become the part
of my schedule, then my life
later my soul and now completely me

No, you are not apart from me
come, look into my eyes and
find that you dwell there

Every breath that enables me
to exist on this earth,
maintains you inside me

You are not another self
with all these facts
you have become completely me

LET ME LIVE YOU THROUGHOUT MY LIFE

Let me dive deep into the
oceans of your words
and heap up the pearls of your depths

I shall make garland of those
pearls and wear around my neck

Let me behold your profounded eyes
and steal the flowery charm
of your face

I shall make crown of these
flowers and adorn it on my head

Let me moist myself with the liquer
of your essence
and have some drops of your soul

I shall sip these drops and live you throughout my life

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The author holds post-graduate degrees in English Literature and Education. She lives and teaches in the Punjab, India.

ABOUT PROF MOHD RAFI

AN ALL ROUNDER

ADPI COLLEGES (PUNJAB, INDIA)

Dr Mohd. Rafi has multi-faceted personality. You can't analyze him from a certain angle. Now, we are watching him as ADPI (Colleges) of the Indian Punjab, but he is a distinctive writer also. He writes in multi-languages i.e. English, Urdu, Persian, Hindi & Punjabi. He is a Poet and Fiction Writer.

Moreover, Dr Mohd Rafi has various Post-Graduate Degrees and PhD in Urdu language. He is a Stage Artist and has played leading roles in hundreds of Plays at Radio and Television (DD Jalandhar). That is why, he has bagged various Awards. He is Painting Artist also. All of his paintings are worth-seeing. He is a Great Commentator and anchor/host.

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